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Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY - RIDDLE



Vol. 2 - No. 25

October 8, 1941

'T WAS A NICE SUNRISE FRIDAY MORNING!

But Ye Editor didn't enjoy it! Rising at 5:30 to accompany Warren Smith to Arcadia, we discovered that there had been a mutual misunderstanding - and "Smitty" had left at 4:30, leaving us high and dry and woefully short on sleep. However, being up, we barged on over to the Miami Main Office at 6:30, where the only activity consisted in a night porter sweeping up yesterday's cigarette ashes and an air compressor on the 4th floor which seemed intent on putting in a 24-hour day despite the Wages and Hours Law. And to cap the climax (we're always getting in jams like this), we found our office door locked.



Nothing to do but sit on the front steps at the Tech Building, talk to Joe the soft drink man, and wait developments. First to appear on the scene, at 7:30, was Instructor TOM STARKE, who told us all about his 20-acre Avocado grove in the Redlands...next customers to appear were PAUL WASHBURN and BILL WOOD, a couple of the new primary CPTP flight students from Municipal Base who came in to be photographed and finger-



FLY PAPER

"Stick To It"

Published weekly by
The Embry-Riddle School of Aviation
Miami, Florida

Riddle Aeronautical Institute
Carlstrom Field,
Arcadia, Florida

Riddle-McKay Aero College
Riddle Field
Clewiston, Florida
* * *

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Airport

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hand,- "just in case". No official report in yet from Riddle Field at Clewiston, but we understand that all the ships there were flown back to Carlstrom Field for Hangar Protection in the event that the storm made a sudden turn northward from Miami. All in all,- no damage done,- and Ye Editor joins with everyone else in the Southeast Florida area in saying "Thank God!"



Dear Readers,- any similarity between this issue and any other issue of the Fly Paper is purely an accident:--- the Miami units of the Embry-Riddle company have just passed thru a mild hurricane, and we're all tired,- but happy that no damage was done to life or property. Blowing in from the Bahama Islands and striking near Miami early Monday morning, the weather bureau reported a sustained high velocity of 63 miles per hour with short gusts between 90 and 100 miles per hour. A quick survey of the Miami units Monday afternoon showed no damage and up to Tuesday morning we have been unable to find any student or employee who suffered beyond losing a good nights sleep. All moveable equipment at the Seaplane Base was moved to Municipal Base where most of the maintenance crew "stood by" all night; at the Tech School only the windows in the Instrument Lab were boarded up, but a crew of laborers and many instructors were on

printed before their 8 o'clock classes at the University of Miami... at last, and long last, came GUARD BILL WILLIAMS with the keys to our office and KATHERINE BRUCE to catch the early morning shift on the switchboard, substituting for MARY FRANCIS LYON who has been out for the last few days...

But now that we are in the office, let's get down to the news of the week,- THREE big stories this week, each of equal importance. Up at Carlstrom Field, a couple of hundred new flight cadets (no exact figures allowed) have arrived for primary training,- the British chaps will take their training at Carlstrom, while the American lads, under the U. S. Army contract, will begin their training at Carlstrom, and then be transferred to Door Field as soon as that field is completed. Not being on hand for the arrival of these cadets, as explained above, we'll have to depend on NATE REECE and WARREN SMITH for complete coverage of this event, elsewhere in this issue of the Fly Paper.

Second big story is that the Civilian Pilot Training Program has started at Municipal Base in Miami. Flight dispatcher MASTON O'NEAL just gave us that information,- the Primary group began Friday morning and the Secondary group will be in the air Monday morning. JACK HOBLER will give complete details in his column MENTIONING MUNICIPAL.

Third big story concerns British Flight Cadet A. D. RIGG up at Riddle Field, Clewiston,- using good, and fast, head-work, Cadet Rigg abandoned a PT last Wednesday to thus become the second Caterpillar Club member among the British chaps,- but read Flight Correspondent GEORGE MAY's account of the incident under CLEWISTON NEWS.

Now,- with EMMITT VAPNEY writing our guest editorial this week, it should leave us with nothing more to do but go home and get some sleep,- but somehow or other, there's still plenty to be done on this little sheet. For instance,- the problems we've been running each week have made a big hit with the gang. The "apples in the basket" story brought forth the most replies so far, - most involved answer coming in from DAVE ABRAMS, math instructor at the Tech School, who practically invaded Professor Einstein's realm to prove his answer with a full page of x's over 4's



Lyons, Thomas Seymour Jessup, Bruce Knoff Catlin, James Turner Grametine, Eugene Wilson Shepard; Dispatchers, Thayer Stephen Stewart, Richard Joe Nafe, Leslie Mann, Jr.; Maintenance Mechanics, Dudley Watters Rasmussen, Leland Thomas Willis, John Edwin Payne; Crew Chief, Jack Holley; Hangar Boys, Leon Edward Kornegay, Philip Harding Barnett; Asst. Chute Rigger, Thomas Marion Parker; Stock Clerk, George Price Lamb, John Otis Bishop; Canteen, Edward Lewis Eshelman, Austin Dilmus Brewer, Stella Futch Sloan; Chef, Julius Caesar Collman, Cook, George Art Johns; Waiters, George Washington Mosley, Frank Scott; Kitchen Help, Edmon Hamer Holloway, Hollace Monroe Ballard; Mess Hall Porter, Lloyd James Redden; Station Wagon Driver, Edward James Matthews; Secretary, Roberta Inez Dudley; CLEWISTON: Instructors, A. D. Reynolds, J. O. Dockery, H. J. Middleton; Mechanic, N. L. Perdew; Dispatcher, Nathan P. Stout; Linemen, N. D. Wherrell, W. H. Sherwood, R. L. Hill, Bill Hendry, Paul A. Law, M. T. McKenzie, A. L. Hord, W. W. Mock, Paul J. Mann; Steward, Howard K. Schooley; Chef, Paris N. Lancaster; Cook, William C. Hall, Joseph E. Olsen; Cook's Helpers, Harvey F. Poole, Harry D. Custer; Waiter, Ernest Thompson, Willie Johnson, Herbert Williams, James Bush, Elijah Ruckle, Myrick Morris, Samuel E. Baldwin, Willie Bryent, Lloyd Smoth, Ernest Cunningham, Jerry Waits; Dishwashers, James Jackson, Samuel Lee, C. B. Baldwin; Dishwashers, Frank Butler, Ralph Pittman, Freddie C. Adams, Emmon Lawson, James Crowder; Canteen Clerk, Mrs. H. K. Schooley; Guards, I. M. Crosby, C. L. Yeomans, P. H. Hooker; Purchasing Dept., James W. Durden; Office, Emmett L. Dugger.

DORR: Instructors, F. W. Cuttrelle, Clifford Herbert Dwinell, John Claude Fredendall, William Hayes Southern, Jim Mall Sharman, Harold Russell Shepard, John A. Downing, Jr., Paul James Simmons, Edward Joseph Sharkey, S. P. Gilley; Shop Maintenance, Herbert Washington Ellard; Crew Chiefs, Lawrence Everett Poole, Marquis B. Taylor, D. L. Platt, David William Westberry, Harry Bernard Smith, Walter Hazel Sizemore, Gordon Rowell, Bruce John Beard, Thomas Jefferson Prine, Lawrence Edwin Neel, Jackson Edward Pierce, Rene Francis Smith, Delbert Skipper, Adam Francis Mercer, Murl John Coker, Robert Lemuel Storter, Ervin Woodrow Sylvest, William James Humphrey, Kenneth Charles Moriarty, James Carl Rogers, William Baker Colbert, Vance Floyd Tonkin, Marvin Reaves Alley, Roy Lee Alderman, Erea Elyin Pritchett, George F. Palmer, Louis Whidden, John B. Ingram, Owen Mercer, Gale L. Foley, Julian Waldron, Dolph C. Rude, John Carlos Barrs, Verner T. Brown, Frank I. Cato, Marvin Willis Wherrell, Aaron James Williamson, Leonard Austin Fancher, Russell Eugene Powers; Stock Clerk, Grady Victor Fort; Clerk, James Lyle Williams, Jr.; Stenographer, Myra Lee Allen; Sign Painter, Eulyth Ben Britt; Painter, William Shadrick Hancock; Hangar Boy, Albert Benjamin Gore.

DEPARTAMENTO LATINO AMERICANO
por P. A. de la Rosa

Una de las primeras cartas que hemos recibido, motivadas por nuestros artículos en este departamento del "Fly Paper", nos ha llegado del Teniente Coronel Sr. Jose Perez Allende, attaché de la Embajada Mexicana, en Washington, D. C., quien se interesa por informes sobre nuestros cursos de piloto de aviación, para enviárselos al General Sr. Constantino Chapital, en la ciudad de Mexico.

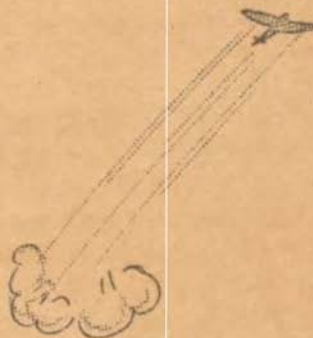
El Tte. Coronel Sr. Perez Allende, es un destacado piloto aviador de la República de México, que está bien versado en métodos de enseñanza de vuelo y le hemos agradecido altamente su atenta comunicación.

* * *

También la revista "aero Mundial", de Buenos Aires, Republica Argentina, ha tenido la amabilidad de remitirnos sus dos últimos números, que encontramos muy interesantes y muy al tanto de los últimos acontecimientos de importancia en la aeronautica de las Americas. Muchas gracias ches, estamos reciprocando enviándoles nuestra publicación semanalmente y los agradeceremos nos digan como la reciben.

* * *

Volviendo a nuestro tema de la óptima promesa del futuro de la industria de la aviación, hacemos referencia a un artículo que nos llega de la ciudad de Des Moines, Iowa, EE.UU., con relación a un posible sustituto de la gasolina de aviación, que alarga la vida del motor, provee mucha mayor fuerza y da un kilometraje mayor. Se trata del gas butánico, conocido en este país por "butane" que es un vapor de gas de alta compresión, con un promedio de fuerza de octano que sobrepasa al de la mejor gasolina de aviación. Este gas fue considerado no hace mucho, como un desperdicio de los pozos petroleros y solo en años recientes se ha venido utilizando como combustible para cocinas y calentadores de agua domésticos, habiéndose puesto en el mercado bajo varios nombres industriales y envasándose en cilindros de hierro, por lo cual se le denomina "bottle gas".



Los químicos lo describen como un gas de la "zona intermedia", es decir entre el petroleo crudo y el gas natural (gas de alumbrado) y es muy po-

sible que dentro de poco coloque a la gasolina donde ésta puso a la kerosina o "luz brillante".

El gobierno de Mexico, siempre progresivo, lo há estado estudiando como combustible para la aviación militar y recientemente un piloto majicano voló un aeroplano cuyo motor utilizó "butane" como combustible, desde Washington a la ciudad de Mexico, en un vuelo de prueba.

Debido a que el gas butánico es un vapor, se mezcla mas completamente con el aire y por lo tanto se quema casi enteramente en los cilindros, lo cual no sucede con la gasolina. Otra de las ventajas de este vapor combustible es la infima cantidad del peligroso monoxido de carbono que produce su combustión.

* * *

FLASH! - - - IT'S A BOY for the Fletcher Gardners! Born October 4th at the Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami, the young man weighed 7 pounds 1 ounce, and will be named Fletcher, Jr. Oh, yes,- the announcement from the proud Papa and Mama says, "Riddle's Future Flight Commander." Well, sure enough,- and we hope so. Many congratulations to the Gardners.

TECH SCHOOL AND MAIN OFFICE

By Dot Schooley and Co.

Despite much passing of much "hush money" to various and sundry characters, still comes to light the Laugh of the Week on HUGH SKINNER who came to school the other day with so much lip rouge smeared on his face that his instructor asked him to please go get some benzine from the stock room and wash his face! And as long as we're picking on poor Hugh this week,- we might as well ask publicly if he always carries a pair of pliers to football games. Or did the laundry fix that zipper, Hugh?



AMONG VISITORS AROUND THE MAIN OFFICE,- Those two high flying "High Flyers" LEE HARRELL and DALE DELANTY who came from Arcadia to Miami for an-



other vacation...Municipal flight student OPAL HEMPSTEAD...Tech graduate WEBB BRIGHT who came in from Avon Park to spend the week end with his family...ROCCO FAMIGLIETTI and ROBERT GRIMES, both flight grads, who are now in the U. S. Army Air Corps, and have just left for primary training at the Bonham Aviation School at Bonham, Texas... those "flying paymasters" Capt. Len Povey and Nate Reece who flew an AT-6 in to get the pay checks and distribute them to the fields at Clewiston and Arcadia... Instructor GEORGE MAY flying a BT in to bring Wing Commander J. A. SIFTON to the Main Office... BILL McDUGALL and wife, in from Arcadia on a short vacation... CPTP flight graduate IRENE CROPP in to get some stuff from the stock room and take to Jimmie Cousins up at Clewiston.... JERRY LEVY, returning from Rochester, N. Y., and wanting to be checked out for an instructor's job... and at the Embry-Riddle cabana at the Deauville last Sunday,- Betty Hair, Madge Holland and David and Paul Andre... Paul has finished training with the Navy at Opa-Locka and has been assigned to Quantico, Va., and Dave expects to follow soon...

* * *

KNOCK-OUT STORY OF THE WEEK is hung on H. E. RICHTER, Chief Sheet Metal Instructor...he was visiting ART BARR Friday evening and in making a hurried exit from the Welding Department, struck his head on a low door jamb, knocking himself out "colder than a clam"... it was only the quick thinking of KELLY NEWSOME which prevented Richter from assuming a horizontal position on the canvas... which reminds us of the cartoon of the fellow with the black eye who carried a door around with him and the sign, "This is the door I ran into!"

* * *

WE SEE BY THE PAPERS THAT CPTP flight graduate GEORGE KIRKLAND has just received his commission as a second lieutenant in the army air corps and will be stationed at Barksdale Field, La., as an instructor...Congratulations, George!... And this is just a rumor,- but we heard that DON



SAPP, another of our CPTP grads, is now a flight instructor at the Opa-Locka Naval Air Station... Does anyone know about this? P. S. and a very quick answer to this one,- just had a telephone call from TOMMIE COLES, telling us that he, Tommie, had gotten his commission as second lieutenant at Opa Locka and was now going to the Naval Air Station at Corpus Christi, Texas,- and also he verified the fact that Don Sapp is an instructor at Opa Locka... And while we were on the phone, who should come into the office but our old pal SAM LIGHTHOLDER,- in to see about taking a commercial flight course... more old friends,- and we're always so glad to see them...

Word has reached us that Daniel Bowen is now employed at Duncan Field, San Antonio, Texas as a junior Aircraft Mechanic, and we are glad to see and hear that J. L. Seestedt has returned to continue his Aircraft course under the instruction of Jim McShane.

Sheldon Wells is driving to Pennsylvania and back in the very near future. Could it be that he'll bring back a new member for our family?

Notice of theft: Students please take notice that the stockroom will be very happy to supply any of those desiring the new Embry-Riddle car tags rather than have them "lifted" from each other's cars. No kidding,- they're free! Go in and get yours!

We hear that Carl Toggweiler, graduate, has obtained a job at Intercontinent and Sidney Weaver has a job with Pan American.

Quite a few Embry-Riddle employees and students turned out for the first University of Miami football game, (played Elon) seen there were Jackson Flowers and Dorothy (Tommy) Bailey, James Oakes, Dot Schooley, Gene Cohen, Dick Hiss, Tommy Hilbish with his girl Martha Dorn, Hugh and Jo Skinner, Henry Carruthers who was carrying a sign around the field advertising the M club dance, Will Klien, Dave and Betty Abrams, George Wheeler and Louise Wheeler (not sister, not wife ---yet), Fred Hawes with his brunette, Jean and Phil Ogden, John and Betty Galbraith, Henry and Lucille Fox, and many others.

Don Watson is building a new Bar-B-Que pit with the aid of Bill Roome. How's about throwing a party for us Don? Gee, thanks for the invitation --- We'll be there!

Grace Roome has been ill for the past few days, but is at the old grind again. Hope you are much better now, and will be your happy old self again.

Ed Langston has been promoted. Glen L. Martin Company in Baltimore is doing right by our boys. Ed is now in the Time Control Department. Glad to hear it, Ed, keep it up and there will soon be no more steps in that ladder to climb.

And among new students enrolling during the past week were Roy L. Kinnett, Danby Conwell, Robert Woolsey and G. Ralph Reddick taking Instruments; Jerome L. Wright, Jr., taking a post graduate course; James T. Kirby and Stanley Clegg, Jr., both from West Palm Beach, and A. DeNuncio, all taking Aircraft Sheet Metal; Velma Lee McFarland, James D. Smoak and John Tolliver, all West Palm Beachers, and J. L. Siefert, Jr., Lake Worth, taking the Welding Course; taking the Aircraft Engines course is Edward F. Hensler, Jr., from Belmar, N. J. and James L. Williams; and taking Riveting is John Y. Hirst. Fifteen new "chillen" for our family,- and a hearty welcome to all of them. Incidentally, all congratulations to the School representative up West Palm Beach way. His name is Orie L. Smith,- and he's certainly doing a bang-up job of promoting new business.

* * *

MENTIONING MUNICIPAL

By Jack Hobler

Well, here we are again, not exactly bursting with news, but here again, nevertheless. And the big story of this week is the beginning of the new Primary CPT program. Next week the Secondary class will start, but we're going to talk about the Primary boys now. They are twenty-eight in number, and we might say a rather good-looking bunch on the whole. Right now they're a shy, awkward group, uninitiated as yet in the ways of an airplane and its accessories (we've seen parachutes put on in more different ways this week, than we thought was possible), but they're eager and willing to learn, and a few weeks hence they'll be the objects of all the admiration and pride their families, friends, and sweethearts can heap upon them. Fellows of this October, 1941 class, we'd like to offer some words of advice. It's



not going to be all play; there's a lot of hard work attached. Oh, yes, you're going to like flying as you've never liked anything before; each minute should bring you new enjoyment and new thrills. But, before you get those coveted wings, it's going to mean a few hours of honest toil and of intelligent, conscientious application on your part. And isn't it worth it? When you finally take-off, a licensed pilot, to soar up into the clean, boundless space with the clouds and the birds, to look down on the beauty and magnificence of God's creation below, as you wing along with the hum of the motor and the whistle of the wires and wings singing a symphony of power and speed, won't you feel some reward for the efforts you've made? You bet your life you will! You'll feel a satisfaction you've never known before. Perhaps you've heard some ignorant or disillusioned soul say that flying is now so safe and commonplace that there isn't much kick or thrill to it. Well, we've known an awful lot of pilots, of years - not hours - experience, who will truthfully tell you they still learn something new every day. How about adopting that as a motto? Try applying it to your work on this course; it shouldn't be long before you realize its actual value and worth.

We hereby salute the new Primary class, and we wish in the name of all the Municipal personnel the best in luck and success to each and every one of you. Happy landings, and keep your flying speed! The class:

Harper Roy Bothwell, Jr.
Kenneth Earl Clark
Thomas Richard Dennen
John Emack Duvall
Jules Garramore
Raymond Gorman
James Francis Hamilton
George Hattem
George Lovett Hollahan, Jr.
William Koff
John Barrett Long
Sylvester Frank Leis
Robert Breese McCormick
Richard McKee

Harold David Meyer
Frederick Charles Nichols
Paul Mike Pahules
William Douglas Pawley, Jr.
Joseph Donald Peacock
Paul Chapman Ropes
Rean Robert Seiler
Joseph Crawford Shippey
Clyde Stoddard, Jr.
Karl Kenneth Trumpeter
Hansford Dee Tyler, Jr.
Paul Coddington Washburn
William Leonard Wood
Ray James Waddington

Now, if any of you embryo pilots has the least inclination to journalism, please see Bud Belland, our beloved Editor. We need a reporter from your class to publicize its doings. P. S. And what's the story about George Hall and Julian Stanley being "weathered in" at St. Petersburg

last week on their cross country flight?

* * *

Charlie Barnhardt is back from Detroit, having flown down a beautiful Stinson Voyager. The weather gave him a rough trip, but he brought us, the little black and yellow ship in perfect condition.

* * *

Another adherent to the gasoline conservation policy is C. W. Tinsley, who has just bought himself a motorcycle to thump back and forth between his home and the airyard. Before he made the purchase, however, he had to promise his wife, June, that he wouldn't exceed 25 m.p.h.

* * *



Gordon Mougey, of Granere & Mougey, Inc., drove over from arcadia the other day, ostensibly to instruct our Line Crew how to stand the Cubs on their noses without using the dollies. Glad to see you, Gordon.

* * *

Harry Wells just returned to work after a week's illness resulting from a dip in the chilly deauville pool at the Party. He was no sooner back when Charlie Bestoso was laid off a couple of days with an eye injury sustained when a safety wire he was tightening broke and jabbed his optic. Happily, the damage wasn't serious, and he's on the job again, keeping 'em flying.

* * *

George May flew in from Clewiston with Wing Commander Sifton in one of the BT-13's. George rounded up Gardner Royce and the pair of them spent a very enjoyable evening at Bob Green's house, swapping stories and stuff.

* * *

David S. Narrow comes to us from Burlington, N. J., where he was teaching Primary CPT at Princeton University. Welcome, Dave, we certainly are happy to have you.

* * *

In the movies they give an Oscar for the year's outstanding performance. Well, we'd like to propose some kind of award to Phil Stiles and his brother, Bob, for the greatest display of unadulterated brass and gall we've ever seen. These two Romeos woke us up from a restful nap last Sunday afternoon, to get us to show them the way up to West Palm Beach so they could see our girl-friend! Oh, well, Caesar had his Brutus, Washington his Benedict Arnold, -- and we have our Stiles.

The new chicken wire defences erected around Charlie Barnhardt's "office" has aroused a lot of comment. Some wag hung this sign on it, just above Roy Kunkel's desk: PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS. To make matters worse, Van Burgin pops into Operations with a hearty, "Hi monks!" The structure around the Flight Dispatcher's desk is closely resemblant to one of two things; a bank or a box office. We are debating whether its sign should read "Teller" or "Cashier".



* * *

And that's all for now. Be sure to look in again next week, same time, same stationery, for more up-to-the-minute news of the previous week.

R. A. I. NEWS

Arthur Lee Harrell

JUST LIKE A CLASS REUNION to get back to work and begin new classes. Fun too, seeing all your brother pilots again, even after such a short absence, shaking hands and being glad to be back together. Realizing what a swell bunch the R.A.I. gang is to work and to play with...we haven't known each other very long....but somehow it doesn't take long to become real friends with such a swell bunch of eggs.

A few changes in the line up and congratulations in order for the newly appointed flight commanders and assistant flight commanders. Clete Huff, deserting the refreshers, is flight commander of flight No. 1, and has as his assistant none other than good 'ole 'Lil Abner' Lampman. Flight No. 2 will continue in the capable hands of Gordon Mougey and the gang welcomes Carl "Snake" Dunn as their new assistant flight commander. Roscoe Brinton, (did you see him ride that horse Saturday night?), assumes the new office of Stage Commander and will continue as flight commander of Flight No. 3 and is still to be ably assisted by Boots Frantz.

Changes in F and G flights see Stage Commander Sterling Camden in command of F flight and Mr. McCravy steps up to assistant flight commander. Jim Burt continues in command of G Flight and "Minnie'chello steps up to assistant flight commander under Jim. F and G flights have certainly run into some pretty tough luck from old man weather but we are all pulling for them and have a pretty good hunch they'll pull the flights

through in good shape regardless. The new flights, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are showing real determination, right from the beginning, to do a real job and graduate a large percentage of first class pilots.

All the gang at Carlstrom have accepted the responsibility of slightly crowded conditions made necessary by the presence of the Dorr Field classes, but true to the R.A.I. spirit of cooperation they are sure to accord them all the courtesy shown other Carlstrom flights. True they might nickname them the "Rebels" as once the Clewiston bunch suffered with, but it will all be in good fun knowing that we're all part of the "Riddle" family.

DORR FIELD'S ORGANIZATION is rapidly taking shape under the guidance of its new Director of Flying, Tom Gates. Brooke Harper will command A flight and George Cochrane will act as flight commander of B flight. No assistant flight commanders have been named as yet. In the capacity of Maintenance Director, Floyd Cullers, who has served in that capacity since the opening of Carlstrom, is being transferred to Dorr and Miss Alice L. Daimwood is the first femme to become a part of the Dorr organization.

The nineteen other flight instructors who have been assigned to Dorr include Mahrt, Fruda, Kern, Christler, Lightfoot, Barrington, Kilgore, Waterman, Simmons, Fredendall, Sharkey, Lyons, Shepherd, H. R., Sharman, Southern, Pike, Dwinell, Shepherd, E. W., and Downing. As a start, this week saw the arrival of 100 American Cadets and the flights have already gotten under way.

Probably all of you have heard or seen Jack Hunt's "pursuit job" that he drives to the field. It seems lately that he had been having many forced landings and all in just about the same spot. It being a bit unusual for it to happen in the same spot every time, so after a little investigation Jack found that he had bought a real hunting car and at this particular spot was a covey of birds - so why shouldn't a real hunting car stop and come to "point" at such a spot! Some car, eh Jack, or, are you being "took" for a ride?



Don't you think it is about time that someone told that Terrible Timothy Davis that really it is unnecessary for the pilot Officer of the Day to march around Carlstrom field with a heavy 30-30 rifle over his shoulder? Or have you already found out Waldo?

Any of you RAI,ers who visit Miami and don't take advantage of the real hospitality and friendliness of the gang at the Embry-Riddle Technical School are missing most of the fun of Miami. Two regular guys are Bud Belland and Don Watson who go out of their way to see that you enjoy yourself, and incidentally, do they have a string of 'nice' telephone numbers! And all those beautiful lasses that work around the school really seem to enjoy being of service to visiting 'firemen.'

DID YOU EVER GO ON A RIB ROAST? (They tell me it's lots of fun!) Thanks to Ed Wells and the RAI, Saturday night turned out to be a very gay occasion. Practically every one turned out for the fun and those few who didn't really missed something. Ed's ranch is a real place to hold such a party and the Chamber of Commerce again furnished a beautiful full moon. The fun started the moment the gang arrived with Boots, George Washington Frantz, crossing the Delaware, or was it Peace river? George Cochrane and Macdougall showing off their "shooting" ability, Ralph Cuthbertson, Garver, and Jack O'Brian riding horseback but being shown how by 'Curly' Brinton. The 4½ gallon hat worn by Tom Gates and the 'Rough Rider' hat being worn by the captain Povey. The cowboy and cowgirl costumes of the Charles Ebbets' and Jerry Reece. The cowboy calls by everyone. The mad scramble for the tons of delicious food. The jolly presence of Mr. McKay, of Frank and the very lovely Mrs. Wheeler, the graciousness of Mrs. Riddle, the friendliness of Nate and Jerry Reece, the helpfulness of Tom Gates, and all the so beautiful wives of the instructors. Most of all, of course, was the opportunity of getting to know your friends better; we enjoy working together and even more the opportunity of playing together. Doesn't seem to be any doubt that such a party should be a regular affair of our little RAI colony. So, three big cheers for Ed Wells, Captain Povey and Jack Hunt and to all those who make such a pleasant party possible.



AROUND ARCADIA AND CLEWISTON

By Warren Smith

Here's a running account of my solo trip to Arcadia and Clewiston, in response to your memo. Sorry you missed out on going with me (I'm not yet convinced that your failure to call me the night before wasn't a gag). Anyhoo, I arose early and lit out across the Trail about 5 A.M. with the idea of making a leisurely trip in the cool of the dawn and arriving ahead of the 100 American air force cadets who were due at 10, or so I had been informed by Brother Nate Reece. Arriving in the beautiful capital of the nation's roast beef and veal stew industry about 9 o'clock I ambled into Harley Watson's for them to have a look see at the new bus and, during the course of the conversation, learned the aforesaid cadets had arrived in town an hour earlier. I borrowed transportation to Carlstrom Field, anticipating a nice breakfast and an informative chat with the newcomers only to discover I'd gone Mickey Owens one better and made two errors: breakfast was over and done with and the newcomers were up to their collective ears getting physicals and what have you.

However, I got enough dope from Lieuts. Beville and Pinkerton for a couple of wire stories. Incidentally, you must look up these two chaps on your next trip over. They're the new public relations officers at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields, respectively. Most genial and cooperative. (About this time I ran into Brother Reece, walking around in a daze, waving an uncompleted telegram he'd been trying to find time to send me since the day before, announcing the new arrival time of the cadets I'd come over to meet.)



Only 44 of the cadets had actually come in, the remainder being due in the next day in their own conveyances (you may have some nice Fly Paper copy coming up on these boys now that they're going to be allowed to have their own cars again.

Wanting to spend as much time as possible at Clewiston and still get

back here the same day, I was soon on my way. Thinking to save time, I took that dirt road cut off we've been talking about; did all right, too, for the first 25 miles, when I was almost blown off the road when a blurry, dull gray object, which I took to be one of the army's new Airacobras, hurtled by. Regaining control of the wheel, I glanced back just before the thing swept out of sight and recognized George Wheeler in his Mercury.

My Clewiston visit was very interesting and profitable. Met Squadron Leader George Burdick, the new CO. Fine chap, knows exactly what he's doing, friendly, well-liked by his men, very cooperative. Wants us to go through with that dance later. The 50 new British boys are an interesting lot, all undergraduates from England's most famous colleges; all about 20. The older boys...from Carlstrom...were to start their basic training Monday, but that Los Angeles weather we had over the weekend disrupted the plan. Talked briefly with Kathryn Menges. She's as charming as ever. Howard Schooley, the genial steward, said you sent him only half enough papers last week. Tyson sent his regards. I was to see him again before leaving, but couldn't find him. Well, your bloodhound is standing over me waiting for this note, hope it'll serve your purpose. The next time you plan (?) to go somewhere with me, I'LL call you.

NEWS FROM RIDDLE FIELD

Clewiston, Florida

By George May

The boys around this field are getting mighty agile of late. It's strictly a case of necessity, however, as those who do not keep wide awake and nimble of foot will fall by the wayside. The grounds are filled with piles of lumber, concrete blocks, building steel, etc., which the poor defenseless pedestrians must go over, around or under all the while they are dodging the literally thousands of trucks, steam shovels and tractors which go charging madly all over the place. In



other words, "We is got activity". In fact its not even safe in the air on account of a whole bunch of flying machines doing whifferdils there.

The story of the week, and what will probably be the story of the month and the year as well, concerns Cadet A. D. Rigg. Undoubtedly, he deserves the little fur lined container for the most amazing piece of luck in the book, plus some very fast thinking and acting. It seems that Cadet Rigg was out on a solo flight practicing 'S' turns along a road, which are done at an altitude of five hundred feet. Suddenly the tip broke off his propeller and went sailing merrily out into space, and the engine, thinking, no doubt, that this must indeed be fine sport, quickly followed suit. Airplanes not equipped with engines are particularly unstable creatures and this particular one rolled over on its back. At this stage in the proceedings, Cadet Rigg began to suspect that all was very definitely not well, and so decided to take a hand in the situation. "Greetings gate, let's evacuate," said Rigg and there-upon left the ship to its own devices and rode down via his trusty jump bag. The wind at the time was blowing between 20 and 25 mph which is entirely too high to be making parachute jumps, to say nothing of making them from 500 feet! Rigg escaped with a slightly injured ankle and everyone agrees that he is, indeed, a very lucky boy.

The very next day, while Refresher Middleton was coming onto his base leg for an approach to land, his propeller began to get rough. He quickly throttled back but by the time he got the engine running slow enough to stop the vibration he didn't have enough power to stay in the air. Seeing immediately that it would be impossible to make the field, Middleton swung into the wind, lowered his seat all the way, got his goggles off and put the ship into the mud and bushes. The plane nosed over but was undamaged except for a few small holes punched in the fabric.



* * *

The new class of British cadets arrived today and had to push the carpenters and painters out of their barracks in order to get in, but at last report were doing a little better than holding their own and it is expected that all will have a place to sleep tonight.

Primary instructor refreshers recently finished up include C. C. Benson, A. R. Brink, C. W. Bing, Jimmie Cousins, Bill King, G. May, F. S. Perry and Tommy Teate.

Now taking primary refresher are A. D. Reynolds, A. D. Middleton, W. K. Langehorne, E. E. Carpenter, Jack Crummer and C. C. Clark. Most of this group are due to take final checks within a day or two.

At present the basic refreshers are Cousins, Heffron, and May with Cockrill, while Edmonson, Frugoli, Granere, Jones, Lehman and Miller are all finished up and waiting for students.

DORR FIELD NEWS

With the arrival last week of 110 American Flight Cadets and officers, the U. S. Army primary flight training school at Dorr Field began functioning "officially", despite the fact that all activities will be confined to Carlstrom Field until Dorr is completed. Heading the list of transfers to the Dorr Field personnel is our old friend TOM "SQUIRE" GATES, who will be in charge of Dorr. The "Squire" was one of the first flight commanders to be assigned at Carlstrom when it opened, - and is to be heartily congratulated on his promotion. Representing the U. S. Army as military head of the new field is LIEUT. WILLIAM S. BOYD, who was transferred to Arcadia from Robbins Field, Jackson, Miss.

Looking over the Army personnel assigned to Dorr, we find many names familiar to the Arcadia gang, - there's Jim Curnutt, Dave Phillip, Bill Carpenter, Charley Bentley and Jack Pinkerton, - to mention but a few. Incidentally, Carpenter, Phillip and Pinkerton have set up "Bachelor Quarters" in their new home in Arcadia.

Not having visited the new group scheduled for Dorr Field, Ye Editor can't do justice to all the news that must be there. However, we plan to be in Arcadia this week to meet all the new lads, - and meanwhile hope that the Cadet Captain in charge of the American boys will get together with Lieut. Boyd and Lieut. Pinkerton and make arrangements to send in a weekly report to the Fly Paper on the activities of Dorr Field cadets.

ARRIVAL AT RIDDLE FIELD

By RAF Cadet G. J. Cassidy.

We arrived at Riddle Field in a school bus. The Senior Class came by plane. Along that part of the road which lies between Lake Placid and Moorehaven our school bus turned itself into a roller coaster, so we did not have as dull a journey as we expected.

Climbing from our chariot extremely saddlesore, we looked about us.

"Where is the camp?" we asked a gentleman leaning on a spade.

"You're right here, boss," he said.

Peering through the dust, we discerned the barracks, and we bowled up merrily to take possession. A painter with surrealist tendencies was giving a last flick of whiteness to the front door. A cloud of mosquitos were performing smart gliding turns through the screenless windows. Several snakes were executing figure eights in the sand near what appeared to be the swimming bath. "Hey, brother," we said to the engineer in charge, before he had a chance to tell us what he did in France in the last war, "When will the bath be finished?" "This ain't no swimming pool," he rejoined indignantly, "It's the drainage system."

Our pioneering ardour saw us through a hazardous night undaunted.

The next morning when we awoke a dark gentleman outside our bedroom window was belabouring a reptile with a spade, "Yo' all won't get away from me, Mistah Snake," he said affectionately, "Yo' sure have found a strong boy heah." "The next time," we said sternly, "You see a snake climbing in our bedroom window, kindly ascertain whether we are awake before you start kicking it around. Do you realise," we continued warning to our theme, "That you woke us up?" He begged our pardon, but remarked that perhaps it was just as well as the rest of the flight had just disappeared inside the Mess Hall for breakfast. We are not very pleasant characters in the mornings.

The Little Things

The spirit of the troops is excellent. We are tremendously proud of

our new station and the way it is springing up, like tropical flowers after rain. And flying is progressing excellently although one of the troops baled out at under five hundred feet and thus becomes our second "Caterpillar".

But little things like that don't worry us.

After a week - a strenuous week - spent in doing nasty things to other people's traffic patterns, we sallied down to Clewiston.

"Tell us," we enquired of a local inhabitant who was listening to the World Series, "What can one do in Clewiston?" He thought a moment and said slowly, "Yo' all can go to West Palm Beach." "No go," we said, "What else?"

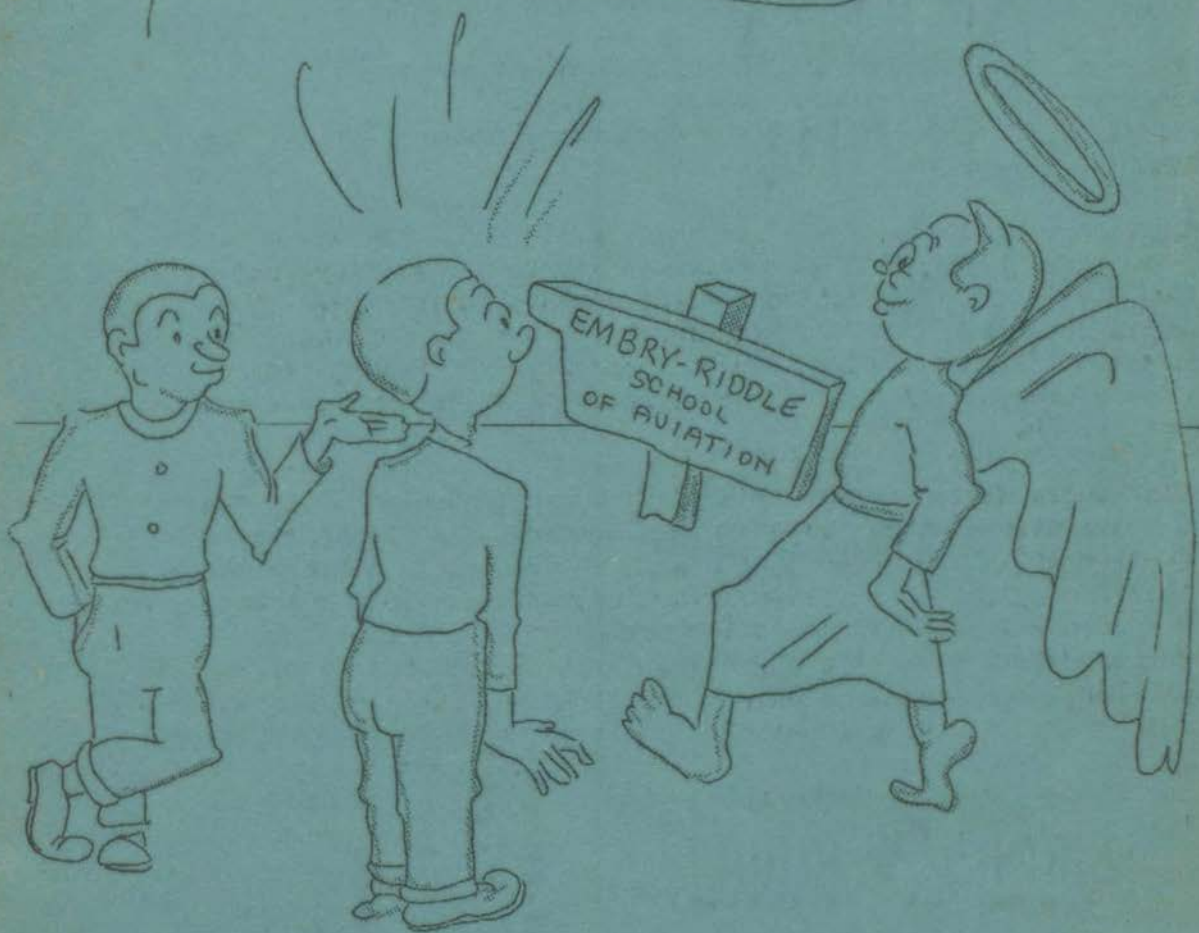
"What about the drugstore?" he said, after a tense pause during which a certain Mr. DiMaggio hit a zonker. "Too fast," we responded. "There's some huntin'," he volunteered after further rumination. "What sort of hunting?" we asked. He spat accurately into the spittoon. "Wildcat," he said. "Much too fast," we said hastily, "Pottering around after rabbits is more in our line." So we returned to the camp.....intending to go to sleep.


This simple design was frustrated by an eager Senior Class who had chosen to start nightflying. Night flying demands a new technique. The chief requirement in the absence of a suit of armour, is a heavy RAF high-altitude flying suit. This is worn primarily to keep the mosquitos out. Several yards of mosquito muslin are twined round the head in a further futile attempt at protection. A car is then found in which one can sleep unmolested. When one wakes up the beautiful Floridian dawn is sweeping the sky with silver, one's mouth feels as it would after a night out in Dublin, and one has to turn in a written explanation why one was not present on the night line. American cars are much too sleep-provoking.....

Tail Piece

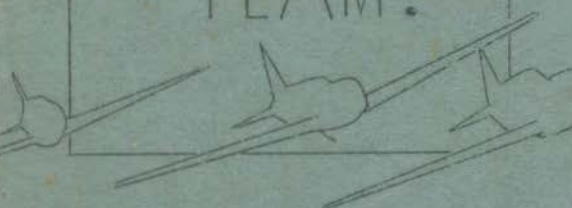
We are writing these few notes tied down in our chair. The roof is held on the barracks with a heavy rope. The wind is tearing around at a merry forty miles an hour. We are wondering in our dim sort of way whether we shall land up at Tampa before the day is out. We have always wanted to see Tampa.....

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